as being bored goes (which I consider *useless* at any time), I prefer not to be so in M/s company. That's a minor crime against the evenness, the continuity of our joy. I have an ever stronger intention *to give M. nothing but joy and to receive from him nothing but joy.* And I use the word *joy* in its fullest and richest sense; I say *joy* here as I might say happiness, warmth, virtue, health.

And this morning I am writing in order *not* to tire myself or to get on edge waiting for them, *not* to sadden myself with the thought that they might be cursing this appointment. . . . Here they are.

Yesterday after lunch Gheon and I, having left the others, went to the Whistler exhibit. We prolonged our stay in the gallery almost two hours, admiring, above all, the last series, that of the figurines in black chalk set off with pastels, on brown cardboard, and certain houses seen from the front (the candy shop among others).

Quiet dinner. I read the admirable first act of *T$te d'or*[8] to Em.

This filling of all my time, even when I do so with the most novel pleasure, exhausts me. I should like some blanks, some pauses, throughout the day. Sensation flows through me; I do not reduce it to thought; I do nothing with it; I get some profit only from what I have been able to ruminate.

Auteuil, Wednesday

I expect from this house whatever energy I put into my work, my genius. Already it houses all my hope.

I saw Gerard only for a minute. He is to see Ventura again this evening. Already he feels better. His whole health hangs on the outcome of this adventure. He already talks less of getting me mixed up in it.

I am resuming the habit of sleeping an hour in the middle of the day.

Before going to meet Gh6on and M. at the Place

Saint-Sulpice, I stop at the office of the *Occident* to get Claudel's *Les Muses.** The few lines that I read while walking seize hold of my thought at once. It is a shock to my whole being and, as it were, the *warning* that I have been awaiting for almost a month now.

Hofmannsthal came again this morning; I greatly enjoy seeing him. He speaks rather loudly and lacks hidden qualities, but the words with

[8] CktideFs tragedy *Golden Head,* with which, his dramatic cycle begins. Originally written in 1889 and published in 1890, it was completely rewritten before 1900.

[9] Claudel's ode "The Muses" was published by *L'Occident,* a literary review and publishing house.